WITH BODIE GONE THE LIBERTY BELL HAS A CLEAN TITLE AS THE ONLY HOME ATTRACTION

BASEBALL HAS ITS PUBLICITY STARS, BUT COBB IS FINEST LITTLE AD MAN OF THEM ALL

Prominently Before Public Every Day of Playing Season and Pulls Clever Feature Stuff During Winter Months

THE veteran critics with chin whiskers still discuss the relative value of advertising around the fireside of the Home for the Aged, but the dispute ended a long while back among those looking forward with a view to going forward. All comers admit that advertising pays, and pays big, and the general public realizes in fact that no individual or enterprise may be counted as a success these days that isn't burning up printer's ink in the press, on the programs or on the billboards.

Advertising is well known in baseball. The pastime has its stanch, steady and well-established figures; also it has its false alarms and its flivvers. The season's lurid flashes among club owners are Weeghman, of the Cubs, and Frazee, of the Red Sox; while players enjoying the big spot in the limelight during the last session of the Winter League as a result of trades or alleged trades are Alexander, Hornsby, Pratt and Herzog.

Advertising sharks may come and publicity whales may go in the baseball world, however, but there is one simon-pure genius in the game—one in a class entirely by himself, just as he is as a baseball player—and that is Tyrus Raymond Cobb, of Royston, Ga., and Detroit, Mich. Tyrus is the only little posy that blooms perennially in the advertising garden and stays in full flower throughout the year, and when it comes to commanding size of headlines, space in type and prominence in the pictorial stuff none can approach him for a minute.

* * *

DURING the summer months all Cobb has to do to keep the papers and fans excited is to play ball. He is the main warm-season prop of the baseball writers and he is the mainstay of the Winter League, whose regular sessions are taken up with recounting his previous year's work in connection with his entire unparalleled career on the diamond.

Takes a Hand Himself During the Winter Season

WHILE thousands of dollars of free advertising space is devoted to Cobb's activities during the winter season, the great publicity bureau of the Blushing Peach does not rely upon the self-starting stuff. It gets active and each year sees some new business being put over calculated to keep the player and his personality in full view of the fan flock of the entire country.

Whatever the season's trading news may be, Cobb always gets the best of it. There always is a lull in swapping or a climax following other big deals, and every season the Cobb sale yarn appears just at the time to get the greatest advertising. It was a great success this year, as usual; and also, as usual, it grew out of nothing more tangible than a conversation between Miller Huggins and Owner Navin during the big league meeting in New York. Mack's getting First Baseman Burns in a roundabout barter seems to have been the final outcome of the rumor, but in any event the report had more basis this season than usual. It usually comes from a chat between Hugh Jennings or Navin with some other club official upon the subject of the weather or the war or their favorite beverage.

But this sale or trade stuff is entirely inadequate. It is even insufficient when it is considered that papers all over the country are publishing syndicate and private typewriter product during the off-season telling of the wonders of the demon performer. Some original and startling stuff upon which some favorable and wide-reaching publicity may be hung always filters into the prints during the wintertime.

* * *

IT WAS published that the Great T. R. C. was technically liable for the draft, and it therefore became necessary to refute the impression naturally to follow that there was a possibility of slacking.

Family Group Refutes Possible Slacker Charge

AS A means of giving the public the correct situation, papers throughout the country recently were given opportunity to print a glimpse of the home life of Tyrus and his dependencies, the scene depicting the player snugly surrounded by the little folk on the family porch. No one could view the picture and not realize the appeal. It is plain and in fact emphatic. Tyrus has all the necessary safeguards against being sent against the Hun at this time, besides the responsibility of having the burden of the entire Tiger aggregation resting upon his shoulders.

Another strong off-season card is to put over something that indicates the sympathy of the player for other players and the fans. Cobb met this situation effectively and with the usual publicity by giving a deposition several days ago in behalf of Players Pratt and Lavan in their libel suit against Mogul Ball. Cobb went all the way to St. Louis to defend his fellow members of the profesh and gave them a clean bill of health. No one knows better than Cobb that a player defense also is a fan play, for the fans generally are behind the players in their managerial disputes, no matter what may be said upon the subject.

There always is something in a Ty Cobb story that appeals to human interest in a big way, whether it is started by the player or the writers. The speed, daring and general prowess always are there, but also the touch of psychology that has the great star thinking faster and outguessing the other fellow. This comes in last and corresponds to the quick turn at the finish of the detective yarn when wit and resource always triumph.

* * *

A SAMPLE story in point recently came from Ray Chapman, Cobb's greatest base-stealing rival last season excepting Eddie Collins, who tells why it is that the Georgian is the hardest man in the business to touch with the ball.

Ty Has 'Em Skinned, Says Chapman

CHAPMAN has no hesitancy in saying that Cobb is the hardest man in the business to touch when sliding into a base, and gives many reasons for this expert opinion.

Reason No. 1 is because Ty is so fast.

Reason No. 2 is because Ty [illegible] the best slider in the game.

Reason No. 3 is because Ty [illegible]nks faster than any other player.

Reason No. 4, last, but by no means least, is because you never know just how Ty is coming into the bag.

Chapman says that time and again, if you keep the ball where you receive it after taking the throw from the catcher, you'll probably retire Ty more often. Ray insists that when he takes a throw from the catcher in front of the bag and whirls around, expecting Ty to try to come in behind, the Peach will slide right in where the throw originally came, and vice versa.

Even the Poets Find Ty a Favorite Subject

FEW ball players get a serious look-in from the rhymesters. Outside of poetic jots few ever inspire the songsters to the fervor of singing. Every once in a while, however, a Ty Cobb verse appears with real "pep" to it, and here is one in point which appeared in the March issue of the Baseball Magazine:

"He swaggered up from Dixieland, a kid of nineteen years, to gather big league shekels and corral the big time cheers. He came with ginger, pep and sand, a 'rep,' a cocky smile, and brought a batting wallop that could bump the pill a mile. And now, beyond the trail of years and diamond battles hot, he reigns supreme in baldom as the mighty king of swat. His flashy feats wring howls of joy from every bleacher guy; his nerve and speed and 'jazz' can always raise a frenzied cry. His war club's made of dynamite and fandom's hectic mob, in pop-eyed adulation all goes mad at sight of Cobb. Aye, Tyrus the Terrific, with his scrap and sassy grin, his flashing spikes and speed and bat of nitroglycerin; the terror of the pitchers and the idol of the bugs, the prince of cushion stealers; czar of every bird who slugs, is king of all the diamond guys the game has ever seen and squats upon his baldom throne, a crown upon his bean. Throughout the playing season, every fan exhales a screech and raves and rants and roots and roars about the Georgia Peach; and all the winter Stove League bugs discuss his mighty fame—and tell how Ty's terrific punch can wreck a baseball game. And, as they wait for spring to come they keep the old stove hot and 'fan' about this Tearing Ty, the mighty king of swat."

Charlie Street Now in United States Engineers

[illegible] Hank Gowdy of the Southern League and the only Southern League player above the draft age to enlist is Charlie Street, former Washington player, for the last three years receiver for the Nashville club. Walter Johnson's old battery mate, who held his steam ball during his first four years in major league society, now is at Fort [illegible], Va., with the Twenty-[illegible] United States Engineers, with the rank of sergeant. Street will be [illegible] as one of those who caught a ball from the top of the Washington monument when that feat was going the rounds. A career with a machine gun is predicted for Street, upon the idea that he might be able to use it as fast as he talks. His middle name is "Gabby."

Germany Schaefer Loaned to Lafayette

[illegible] spirit is a fine thing, and the remark is illustrated by the fact that Miguel Hempstead, of the Yanks, has loaned Germany Schaeffer to [illegible] his old college, to coach the baseball team. Perhaps it is figured [illegible] under Miller Huggins will play better ball this year and [illegible] to keep them amused. Nick Altrock will continue [illegible] over the national capital.

THE CONVALESCENT

LAST LEAGUE GAME FOR PENN TONIGHT

Champion Quakers in Final Basketball Game With Princeton

AFTER CLEAN SWEEP

The intercollegiate basketball champions of Pennsylvania engage in their last league contest of the present season when they meet Princeton at Tiger-town tonight. The battle does not close the season for the Quakers, but it is the final one for them of the league year.

Despite the fact that the championship has been clinched, the Red and Blue players are going after the victory tonight as if the title depended on it. It would not change the standing in the circuit, but a triumph would allow the Penn aggregation to tie the record of ten league victories without a defeat, a feat that has not been accomplished since Columbia turned the trick way back in the 1902-04 season.

Penn has not beaten the Tigers at Princeton in many years. Even when the championship was won in 1915-16, the Orange and Black was victorious over the Quakers in Jersey. Jourdet's men have an excellent chance of copping the honors this year and they are the favorites, although a hard game is expected.

Two more games remain for the Red and Blue to play and both are slated for out-of-town. One is with Rochester, at Rochester, next Thursday night and the other with Syracuse at Syracuse, the following night.

Syracuse is the only team that has beaten the Quakers this season and Coach Jourdet and his pupils are determined to win over the Orange. When Eddie Dollard's aggregation triumphed at Weightman Hall, Penn played without the services of Captain Lew Martin and Andy Stannard, the clever little forward, was disqualified in the first half for four personal fouls. It will be a different team that will face Syracuse in the second engagement.

The line-up for tonight follows:

Penn.		Princeton.
Stannard	forward	Trimble
Sweeney	forward	Horne
Davis	center	Flynn
Martin	guard	Grey
Peck	guard	Taylor

KILLEFER SIGNS WITH CUBS; ALEX HOLDS OUT

CHICAGO, March 9.—Bill Killefer, who was purchased from the Phillies with Grover Cleveland Alexander, last night signed his contract with the Cubs, according to a telegram to Manager Mitchell from Killefer, who is spending the winter at Los Angeles. Killefer had been a holdout. The terms of the contract were not announced.

Mitchell also received word that Leslie Mann, who left the team last year to take up Y. M. C. A. athletic work at army camps, had been granted his discharge and would join the team at Pasadena, Cal. Mitchell also announced that Claude Hendrix had signed and that Alexander and one or two others are now the only players not in line.

WHITE SOX GET STUNG FOR WORLD SERIES TAX

New York Giants will have to kick in with some of the loot they picked up when they ran second in the world's series last year. Zimmerman, Kauff, et al., are taking comfort from the fact that members of the Chicago White Sox will have to pay a bigger chunk than the Giants, for they got the big end of the coin. Virtually all of the big league ball players will have to contribute to the income tax, and as some of them never in their lives paid any kind of a tax they will be devising ways and means to make the club owners pay by a boost in salary.

CORWIN HUSTON WINS AMATEUR BILLIARD TITLE

DETROIT, MICH., March 9.—Corwin Huston, of this city, won the Class A national amateur billiard championship here last night by defeating Charles Heddon, of Dowagiac, Mich., 500 to 204, in the final game of the tournament.

Huston and Heddon had been tied for first place almost from the start.

Latest Freak Delivery Sounds Like a Highball

Pitcher Walker will bring something new to the National League—the "disappearing ball"—when he lines up with the Cubs this season.

It is said to be more mysterious than Mathewson's famous fade-away was.

"It's the greatest thing I've seen in baseball," said Manager Mitchell. "The ball seems to become invisible on leaving the pitcher's hand and does not reappear until so close to the batter as to be almost impossible to hit. And Walker has excellent control of it."

Boosts and Bumps

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL

Tilly May Leave Us Soon

"TEMPERAMENTAL TILLY" WALKER, one of the prize packages recently opened by Connie Mack, is slated for the long, long journey before the 1918 baseball season gets under way. Tilly was the race horse outfielder on the Red Sox team last year and his boss thought so much of his work that he was traded to the A's in a deal which sent Stuffy McInnis to the town made famous by Bunker Hill.

According to the dope, the temperamental outpost soon will feel the effects of the tintinnabulating tinware which will be attached by Conservative Connie before sending him over the hills and far away. It is rumored that Walker will land in New York and accept a job with the Yankees for the summer, which promises him lots of exercise and outdoor work. At the present writing this deal is denied and everything, all of which makes it a perfectly good rumor.

Talks Like a Clam

Connie Mack will NOT discuss any of the trades he has in mind. It's just as easy to get next to the secret stuff at Shibe Park as carrying a stepladder through a revolving door. Try it some time. Anyway, most of the news concerning the Mackerels has been swiped from the out-of-town papers, and the latest larceny discloses the fact that Miller Huggins will get Tilly Walker to do a brother act in the garden with our former garlic gargler, Ping Bodie. No one knows how the deal is to be put through, nor can one tell if the transaction is being contemplated. The only dope comes from an alien metropolis, and in the past the stuff has been correct.

No doubt temperamental Tilly would welcome a change, for a job with the A's this year is not considered a promotion only in the Chinese language. It's no pleasant feeling to be anchored in the cellar for six months, far away from the gang that is fighting it out for a slice of the world's series coin. Walker is too temperamental to be inflicted with such torture, and, anyway, he would rather do his suffering in New York. Also, to add to the drab effect of the picture, Connie isn't breaking his arm handing out big bales of coin to satisfy the cravings of an ambitious salary. Thoughts of New York are getting more pleasant every minute for Tilly.

Always Unfortunate

Walker always has been an unfortunate guy. Two years ago, when he was doing time in St. Louis, Tris Speaker was sold to Cleveland. That left a vacancy on the Red Sox team and all Tillie was asked to do was fill the shoes left vacant by the thumping Tris. Walker was pleased to learn he was about to be shipped to a regular ball club and accepted his new job with all of the joy and enthusiasm of a bloke about to take a high dive into a pile of bricks. He received lots of encouragement and every one predicted he would make good except the residents of Boston and the other players on the team. The "welcome-to-our-city" was played with reverse English.

But Tilly was not dismayed. He buckled into the job, laced up the big brogans left by Tris and proceeded to make good. The cultured set in the stands sat back and never gave the new man a tumble for a couple of weeks, but when he kept up his sensational work many remarks were passed on his "inherent ability to cavort on the baseball greensward," or words to that effect. Tilly had no more speed than Hourless in his race with Omar Khayyam and his batting was of the Tycobblan variety. Soon he became a star and afterward developed a temperament. It can't be helped.

Quarreled With Jawn

Last year the speed merchant got in bad with Jack Barry and did not play in all of the games. Aside from his pinch hitting he appeared in ninety-six contests, batted .246 and had a fielding average of .972. He was considered one of the very best bets for this year, however, until David Belasco Frazee upset the dope and chased him to Shibe Park.

And now comes another strange twist of fate. Assuming—remember, ASSUMING—that Tillie will be among us this season, he will take the place of Amos Strunk, regarded as the VERY best outfielder in the land, with the possible exceptions of Cobb and Speaker. After going through one harrowing experience up in Bawston, he is asked to play an encore in Philadelphia. No wonder he wants a change of scenery! No wonder he is temperamental!

Ed Walsh Lands Job

Big Ed Walsh, once the terror of the big league batters, has returned to the big show. The greatest moistball hurler of all time threw his arm out while pitching for the White Sox and after two years of idleness was allowed to drift. He tried a comeback with the Boston Braves last year, but it was not impressive, and once more found himself headed for the Bargain Sea of baseball. He tried hard to connect with one of the big league clubs this year, but every effort was rebuffed until Fielder Jones signed him as coach of the pitchers on the St. Louis Browns.

Walsh's case is one of the tragedies of baseball. He is not old in years, but in effectiveness he is just as good as a man of fifty. The strong right arm on which he depended to fool the opposing batsmen with his tremendous speed and wicked, breaking curves failed him and went "dead." He was a spitball pitcher and one of the most powerful in the game. In one year he twirled in fifty-two contests, which still stands as the ironman record in the big leagues. Even the mighty Alex never accomplished that feat.

Found No Cure

A misplaced nerve in the right shoulder caused the downfall of Ed Walsh. He consulted every specialist in the United States with no result until he finally was advised to give the injury the "rest cure." He has taken good care of himself and looks to be in perfect physical trim. At the meeting in New York last month it was a pathetic sight to see Walsh approach manager after manager, only to be turned down. They did not want him. Five years ago he would have been considered cheap at $50,000. Today he found it hard to get a $1200 contract.

Jones has given Big Ed a chance to "come back." He has been employed to coach the pitchers, but if he can show some of the old cunning which turned back the batters four years ago he will be used as a regular hurler—something Fielder Jones sadly needs this year.

FATHER TO PLAY SON IN PINEHURST FINAL

Henry C. Fownes, Pittsburgh Millionaire, Will Meet Chick for Title Today

PHILADELPHIANS LOSE

PINEHURST, N. C., March 9.—H. C. Fownes and his son, C. B. Fownes, both of Oakmont, will meet in the final round of the annual spring golf tournament here today. H. C. Fownes advanced yesterday by defeating L. P. Pierce in a match in which he led all the way. Fownes made the outward journey in 41 strokes and was 1 up at the turn. After winning the 10th he halved the 11th with a 20-foot putt and won the 12th by laying an approach dead. After losing the 13th by poor play Fownes won the 14th by holing from off the sand and the 15th by a par 3, giving him the match by 4 and 3.

C. B. Fownes eliminated F. H. Gates by a margin of 3 and 1. He was out in 41, including a 7 on the 7th, and turned three up. Winning 2 and losing 1 of the next 3 holes made him dormie 4, and after losing 2 holes he ended the match on the 17th with a 2, one under par.

Among the Philadelphians, G. W. Statzell, Aronimink, and J. F. Hallowell, Old York Road, were beaten in the third division. Daniel Darreff, Frankford, and W. L. Verlenden, Lansdowne, lost in the seventh; Charles Gilliland, Philadelphia Country Club, won and F. T. Bucklin, Frankford, lost in the tenth, while T. M. Fitzgerald, Lansdowne, was defeated in the consolation of the eleventh.

WIRE FENCE AT SANDWICH PUT HERRESHOFF OUT OF LAST BRITISH AMATEUR TOURNEY

Had Squared His Match on Seventeenth Only to Be Eliminated by Unfortunate Incident on the Home Hole

By CHARLES (CHICK) EVANS, Jr.

IN ADDITION to the match between Oulmet and Tubbs in the last British amateur championship there were many other noteworthy encounters on the third day of the tournament. Among these was a match between John Graham and H. H. Taylor, resulting in a 2-and-1 victory for the former; another being the match between J. L. C. Jenkins, the subsequent winner of the event, and Lionel Munn, who for certain political reasons peculiar to Ireland had entered under the name of O. L. Smith.

The Americans at that time, however, were chiefly interested in their own immediate British opponents and their fellow countrymen. Fred Herreshoff and J. R. Platt, of Westmoreland, were only three couples behind Oulmet and Tubbs, and their match was finished early enough for Herreshoff to witness the defeat of his brother American on the eighteenth green.

Played Splendid Golf

I do not think that Fred Herreshoff has received sufficient credit for the very fine golf that he played at Sandwich in 1914. His match with Platt was his second, although it was the third day of the tournament. Both golfers were playing remarkably well, as a score of 37 for both at the turn testifies. Platt is noted for his excellent putting, and when Herreshoff is good he is very good, indeed, in every department of the game, and I am told that the putting on both sides in this match was truly remarkable. The match was very close until the eleventh hole, when Herreshoff won four holes in succession and the match.

This did not end Herreshoff's ordeal for the day. Owing to his vacation on the day before, he was booked for a second match against the Hon. Michael Scott in the afternoon. Scott is one of the best British players and was a promising aspirant for championship honors. A few years before he had won the French amateur championship, and there is no doubt that at all times he is a very formidable opponent. On this day he was at his best, reaching the turn in 33, and Herreshoff was 3 down, although he had played a 37, and 37 is very good golf at Sandwich. This was not the worst, for the time came when Herreshoff was 4 down and but 5 to go. The American's chance looked hopeless, but just then the Englishman's game lost something of its perfection, and Fred took every advantage of his opponent's mistakes, and at the seventeenth hole he had squared the match by plucky and sound play.

The Unfortunate Eighteenth

The eighteenth hole at Sandwich seemed to give all the Americans who came to it that week a great deal of trouble. I think that it was because the ground in front of it, owing to the drought, was unusually fast. I, however, did not play it during the tournament, all my victories and my defeat coming before I reached it. Herreshoff approached it too strong, and his ball went close to the wire fence back of the green, and as he took his club back for a stroke the head struck the wire, and instead of hitting the ball landed in front of it. Disconcerted by his surprise, he made his next shot and sent the ball hole high, but about fifteen yards from the pin on the right. This unfortunate occurrence put Herreshoff out of the tournament, just at the moment when matters were looking most hopeful, and he really deserved a better ending to a plucky, well-fought fight.

Sports Served Short

John K. Tener will attend the opening game of the Giants this season for the first time since he became president of the National League.

George P. Dunn, of Jersey City, a member of the senior class, was elected captain of the Williams College baseball team for the coming season. He has played second base for two seasons. Dunn recently tried to enter the aviation corps, but failed.

The advance guard of the Washington American League baseball squad arrived at Macon, Ga., and will be followed next week by Clarke Griffith, manager, and the other players, including Walter Johnson.

Davey Robertson, the fleet-footed outfielder of the New York Giants, is going to play with the Norfolk naval team this season. Robertson, who the other day announced his retirement from major league baseball for the duration of the war, is now employed by the Department of Justice.

Maurice E. McLoughlin, who is endeared to the hearts of tennis players throughout the country, is now serving on active service in the naval reserve. He was ordered recently to report for duty on board the U. S. S. Oregon.

John M. Chapman, manager of the Newark Velodrome, is the first in line to announce himself as a promoter of boxing since the recent law permitting the sport in New Jersey was passed. He has hopes of staging bouts in Newark and expects to make his town the center of the glove game. He intends to have the first bout on Memorial Day.

Howard "Docks" Holmes, of Dayton, O., was added to the American Association 1918 staff of umpires by President Hickey.

Frank J. Corridon has been engaged to coach the Second Naval District baseball team. He started with his baseball career in his home town with the Newport team of the New England League and afterward played with Providence, Chicago Cubs, the Phillies, St. Louis Cardinals and Buffalo.

Ed Walsh, veteran pitcher, who was with the Boston Braves last season, has been asked by Fielder Jones, manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, to accompany the club south for spring training. Jones expects to use Walsh as an instructor for his pitchers.

CLEVELAND BOWLER NOW SIXTH IN BIG TOURNEY

Haytas Only One Rolling to Invade Ranks of the Ten Leaders

CINCINNATI, O., March 9.—Sixth place in the individuals was the best that was reached by the bowlers rolling at the American Bowling Congress tournament here yesterday. This mark was made by J. Haytas, of Cleveland, O., with a score of 669.

SUITS $11.80 TO ORDER
OR OVERCOATS REDUCED FROM $30, $25 and $20
PETER MORAN & CO. Merchant Tailors.
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Get This, Bo
NATIONAL A. A. Starts under new management tonight. GEORGE CHANEY and JOHNNY DUNDEE, two of the best on the planet, in the window, and four other stormy bouts. Great stuff here. Prices 25c to $1. Where else can you get so much for the money?

OLYMPIA A.A. Broad and Bainbridge Harry Edwards, Mgr.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 11
Max Williamson vs. Young Monroe
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Jack Thompson vs. Cleve Hawkins
Frankie Callahan vs. Young Terry McGovern
25c, Res.50c,75c. Arena, $1,$1.50,inc.war tax

ROLLER SKATING RACES
PROFESSIONAL 5-Mile Team Race, Palace Rink, Tonight, 39th & Market Sts. Also a Ladies' Race. Fastest skaters in the world.
SKATING Every Afternoon and Evening. THIS WEEK LADIES ADMITTED FREE